THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

LAST week we spoke of the intended resignation of the Bishop of Exeter. Before that intention could be carried into effect the see has been vacated in another way. Dr. Phillpotts died on Saturday in the 92nd year of his age, having been an ordained clergyman of the English Church for 66 and Bishop of Exeter for 39 years. In its external aspects the career of the late prelate was calm and pleasant enough. Almost the only "events" consisted of successive removals and promotions as he added benefice to benefice, or rose from dignity to dignity in the Establishment until he achieved the mitre at last. But his internal and intellectual life was throughout incessant in storms. More than twenty pages in the Museum Library catalogue are filled with the mere titles of his pamphlets; and each of them, like the clasps worn by a veteran officer, signifies its special battle.

It has been regretted that Dr. Phillpotts, in selecting a profession, had not chosen to become a lawyer instead of a cleric. His habits of mind and thought, his capabilities, and even his instincts no doubt eminently fitted him for the law, and according to our present ideas of propriety *un*fitted him for the Church. As a barrister, his talents and energy would, in all probability, have gained him some of the highest prizes which Westminster Hall affords; while his judicious alliance with the family of Lord Chancellor Eldon might have proved quite as serviceable for his advancement in one profession as it did in the other. Very early in life, however, the deceased prelate got into the "grooves" which conducted him to the bishop's throne; and whatever might be the relative value of the ultimate prizes, there can be no doubt that in the Church he attained a position of wealth and comfort much more speedily than could have been his fortune at the Bar. Before he had been ten years in priests' orders he had held five livings and two prebendal stalls, with an aggregate income of at least £3,000 a year. What barrister of ten years' standing, and only 37 years of age, could hope to do so well?

On one point Dr. Phillpotts deserves unlimited credit. He was always consistent, and, in one sense of the word, thoroughly disinterested. He spent between £20,000, and £30,000 of his own money in law-suits, of which, whatever else might be said of them, there could be no question that they were solely instituted to enforce what he considered to be the doctrine and discipline of the Church. In his relationship with the "powers that be," whether ecclesiastical or lay, he assumed an attitude which left him for forty years occupant of one of the poorest sees in England. Not for him were those profitable "translations," which time alone, to say nothing of talent, would have transferred almost any other man to some more richly endowed diocese. Whatever Government came into power they found Dr. Phillpott in Exeter—and left him there. And he well knew why. Yet never, on that account, could he be brought to recede from a "point" or vary a "principle" in the slightest degree.

As a Churchman, and to a still greater degree as a prelate, Dr. Phillpotts presented a striking illustration of the "square man in the round hole." All these holes in the Church of England are more or less round—they are smooth, circular, and symmetrical—and to be properly filled the occupant should be shaped accordingly. Now, Dr. Phillpott was essentially angular. His mind seemed absolutely to bristle with angles, like the outline plan of a fortification, and he rarely allowed the sharp edges to be rubbed down. Upon entering into his bishoprick it was his aim to have the diocese "vigorously administered;" and, until overtaken by the feebleness of age, it was also an attainment. What rigorous administration means, when signifying the relationship between an Anglican bishop and his diocesan clergy, we will not attempt to explain.

The cruise of the "Experimental Squadron," under the command of the First Lord of the Admiralty, has resulted in some disclosures which cannot be regarded as altogether cheerful. We do not wish to attach undue importance to certain incidents that occurred, untoward as they were, because they may be looked at and excused as being merely accidental. Thus, the fact that in wearing round the Monarch would not "stay" and the Hercules would not "wear," but "for more than half-an-hour refused to answer her helm, and lay with her head yawing about, looking in every direction but the right one," can possibly be rightly attributed to some fault in the "balanced rudder" susceptible of easy cure. Again, when we are told that some evolutions were performed in a very lubberly fashion, we are asked to remember that the squadron of only twelve vessels comprises no less than eight varieties of build and rig, and that, like hunting with a "scratch" pack, under such circumstances a little straggling is unavoidable. But there were other results calculated to suggest unpleasant surmises which no excuse of this sort could silence. When the fleet, for example, entered upon target practice—the nearest approach to actual fighting which took place during the cruise—the behaviour both of ships and of guns was anything but reassuring. Though the wind was not high, blowing "only just such a breeze as any vessel might beat up to windward against under her royal," yet we are told that the broadside guns of the whole fleet were rendered innocuous by the rolling every time they got the swell of the sea on their beam. The Monarch alone—the vessel that would not "stay"—being built on the "turret" principle, could command the full use of her guns; and if the fight had been a real one, and the Monarch an enemy, there is little doubt but that she could have steamed down upon the fleet and destroyed at least half of them before herself receiving any serious damage. Our only consolation under this alarming discovery is derived from the conviction that the iron-clad fleets of France and other countries, which figure so well on paper, and show forth so jauntily in fair-weather parades, would, upon being really tried, prove as bad as our own—or, possibly, much worse.

On another occasion, when the ships were ordered to engage at close quarters, it was found that between the smoke from the funnels and that from the guns the whole fleet was in the course of a few minutes wrapped in impenetrable darkness, and the mimic action was fought out to its end by each vessel firing away haphazard into the smoke as fast as possible. This is very suggestive of what would be sure to happen in a real fight. When the Trojans were sore beset some friendly deity got them out of their scrape by enveloping the field of battle in a fog. The commander of a man-of-war steamship, if over-matched in fight, need not invoke Olympian aid. He has but to send down orders to the stoker, and can then make his escape under cover of a self-created cloud, leaving his adversary baulked of his anticipated victory, like Diomed "praying for light."

Dr. Cumming will not attend the Œcumenical Council after all. This is now finally decided upon. For his own part we are persuaded that he knew of this conclusion all along. How, indeed, could he suppose for a moment that in the Pope's own presence he would be allowed an opportunity of proving, out of Revelations, that the Roman Church was the Great Apostacy, and the Pope himself the "Man of Sin"? However, within the last day or two there has appeared a letter bearing the Papal signature, though not issued "from the Flaminian Gate," which settles the question. The invitation to Protestants, or rather "non-Catholic" Christians, to attend the Council simply summoned them to appear in the character of auditors, spectators, and penitents. They were to behold the wonderful scene displaying the power, the unity, and the sanctity of the Holy Roman Church, and if the sight brought forth any feelings of repentance for the error of their ways, any desire for admission into the bosom of that Church, then would the opportunities for such admission be made wide and easy enough. Dr. Cumming does not see the fun of attending the Council in this character, and has wisely determined to abide at home.

In the particular method adopted by His Holiness in writing his letter we cannot help thinking that he has made a false move. Dr. Cumming when sending his mission to Rome had previously fulfilled all the observances of etiquette. He had interchanged letters with Archbishop Manning in England, and it was with the sanction, if not under the advice of that dignitary that he addressed himself directly to the Pope. His letter was, moreover, written in the language officially recognised at the Vatican, or such resemblances as he was able to accomplish, and was sent through Cardinal Patrizzi as being the proper official channel of communication. Pius the Ninth, on his part, instead of answering Dr. Cumming's letter directly, bases his reply upon "something he has seen in the newpapers." Now, this is a serious mistake. If, at any rate, it is intended to establish a precedent for future action, it will involve the occupants of the Vatican in endless perplexities. Dr. Cumming was not likely to write much, if ever again, to the successor of St. Peter. Even if he wished to be troublesome, he is single and mortal, and any trouble he might cause would be limited both in extent and duration. But the newspapers are multitudinous and immortal. If the Pope means to undertake for himself and his successors the task of replying to everything which he "sees in the papers," and which seem to require a reply, he will open the door to a flood of troubles of which it is impossible to see either the limit or the end.

Residents on the south coast have been seriously frightened by the prognostications—whence emanating we cannot say—of an enormous tidal wave, which, it is said, will sweep round their shores some time in October next. So great has been the alarm that appeals couched in most piteous tones have been addressed to the high authorities in astronomical science for some authentic information on the subject, and the authorities after taking the trouble to compare notes collected during many years past, have declared that "there is nothing in it." Mr. Saxby, however, who boasts himself to be somebody in the scientific world, persists in believing that there *is* something in it, and for this particular reason: on October 5, he says, "the moon will be on the earth's equator at noon, a circumstance which never occurs without marked atmospheric disturbance." Now the moon is "on the earth's equator twice in every lunation; and wherever that event takes place, it is sure to be noon somewhere, so we must expect serious atmospheric disturbance to recur mysteriously twice a month. But Mr. Saxby need not be disconcerted. As the noon happens "somewhere," so may the disturbance happen somewhere. The world is wide, and the atmosphere is perpetually disturbed, so with a little industry he may be able to prove by the

actual phenomena that he was right after all. Thus Zadkiel in his Almanack would say of a certain date, that "Mars being in trim with Satan in the fifth hour was an omen of disastrous import—let the Great Ones of the earth look out;" and in his next annual issue would include among his "fulfilments" the fact that about the date foretold, the Dowager Duchess of Mudborough had died—"an event which placed many noble families in mourning." Thus are phrophecies fulfilled, and thus some day may Mr. Saxby claim to figure as being also among the prophets.

THE MAN ABROAD.

Paris, 23rd Sept., 1869.

IT is now asserted that the Emperor has decided to start for Biarritz, on the 16th October, and will be accompanied by the Prince Imperial. The Empress will leave Paris on the 2nd October, for the trip to Suez and Constantinople; but the date of Her Majesty's return is at present uncertain, the long-wished-for pilgrimage to the Holy Land not having been definitely settled.

It is reported in several of the papers that M. Magne remonstrated against the Eastern tour, on the ground of expense, but that Her Majesty replied, "I have promised the Sultan to go, and I must keep my word; as to expense, I have diamonds, and if necessary I will sell them." Plucky, if true—but surely unnecessary with an Imperial till like that of France to fly to.

Preparations for the reception of Her Majesty on board the imperial yacht, Aigle, in which the Empress Eugenie will proceed to Constantinople, being now completed, and the changes in the internal arrangements of the vessel to fit her for so long a voyage having been made, she will proceed to-morrow to Venice, there to await the arrival of Her Majesty and her suite. After the *fetes* at Venice the Empress will embark for Corfu on a short visit to the King and Queen of Greece, after which she will proceed direct to Constantinople.

On Monday the Emperor received the Prince de Metternich, who was specially charged to offer the congratulations of the Emperor of Austria upon the restoration to health of His Majesty Napoleon III. An autograph letter from King Victor Emmanuel has also been received expressive of deep regret at His Majesty's late severe illness, and the pleasure he felt upon hearing of his recovery. The King's Envoy was received by Dr. Conneau, who gave His Majesty's thanks and assurances of his convalescence.

Marshal Canrobert is to be appointed Grand Chancelier of the Legion of Honour, vice Count de Flahaut, who, incapacitated by great age and infirmity, is compelled to resign.

Lord Clarendon and General Prim have both had special audiences with the Emperor, and the latter has left Paris for Madrid, where he arrived on the 21st.

General Fleury, who has been appointed Ambassador to Russia, will leave shortly for St. Petersburg.

The frightful tragedy that has been discovered at Pantin, close to the fort of Aubervilliers, is still the all-exciting topic of the day, and the mystery of these most horrid murders has not yet been cleared up or explained—neither as yet have the authorities been able to ascertain the names of the victims—and the murderers, though suspected, have not yet been found.

On Monday morning a peasant of the neighbourhood upon going to his work in a field saw some spots of blood, and upon following the traces, came to a spot where the ground had been lately disturbed, and perceiving a handkerchief stained with blood proceeded at once to turn over the earth, when much to his horror he sees the half-buried arm of a human being. Frightened out of his wits, he hastened at once to the Commissaire of Police, who, accompanied by a doctor and a crowd of people, quickly returned to the spot. The body of a female child of about seven years of age was then dug up. She had been stabbed repeatedly in the back of the neck by some sharp instrument. Next came the body of a youth of about fourteen, frightfully mutilated; then that of a little girl of four years old; then a woman of about thirty-five, decently clothed in a black silk dress. She was far advanced in pregnancy, and had 23 wounds. Another boy of eleven, in a college uniform; and, lastly, the body of a young man, apparently between sixteen and seventeen—all of whom had been most foully and brutally murdered. Close to the spot was found a black-handle knife, the blade of which was broken, but some other instrument must also have been used, such as a hatchet or pick-axe. It was evident that the crime had been committed but a few hours, as the bodies were still warm when discovered. They were at once removed to the Morgue under an escort of soldiers, and there the likenesses of the murdered persons were photographed. About a week ago a young man of about twenty years of age, who gave his name as Joseph Kinck, came to a furnished lodging-house called the Hotel du Chemin de Fer du Nord, kept by a M. Riquy, at No. 12, Boulevard Denain, opposite the station. Then he hired a room, saying he was a working engineer from Roublaix, and that his work kept him out all night. The people of the hotel did not much like the look of him. He, however, came daily for a few minutes only to receive a good many letters, and regularly paid his moderate expenses. On Sunday evening a lady and five children called to inquire for him, and appeared much annoyed when informed he was out. She went away, after having engaged two rooms, and left a small parcel and basket, taking with her the children, who have never since returned. At eight o'clock the following morning Joseph Kinck, accompanied by another man, returned to the hotel and changed his clothes, went out again, and has not returned since. On Tuesday his apartment was searched, and a pair of trousers and a shirt stained with blood and covered with mud were found, and a piece of a handkerchief of the same kind as that which was tied round the neck of the eldest boy, together with a handkerchief, the counterpart of that seen by the labourer near the place of the murder. A telegram from Roublaix had been sent to Joseph Kinck on Monday, containing the following words:—"Wait, we are not ready yet." A letter also arrived for him, which is now in the possession of the police. The murders are supposed to have been committed by several persons, and that Kinck was their leader. On Saturday the murdered family dined at a *cabaret* at Raincy, the landlord of which states that four men also dined at a table next to theirs, and the two parties entered into conversation. It is stated that on Sunday evening ten tickets were taken by a woman at the Northern station for Livry, which is exactly the number of the two parties who dined at the Cabaret at Raincy. It has been further discovered that Kinck purchased a spade and pickaxe from a shop in the Rue de Flandre on Sunday afternoon. Two men have been arrested, and, singularly enough, a third, who wore a grey overcoat, has been found drowned in the canal near Raincy. The cause of this most frightful crime is still a profound mystery, and baffles all speculation; and, what is most extraordinary, neither watch, rings, nor money have been taken from the poor victims, but neither papers or documents of any kind have been found to lead to the discovery of their names.

The Omnium, or French Cesarewitch, came off on Sunday at the Bois, and, notwithstanding the weather, which was anything but favourable, there was a good sprinkling of fashionables, and the fair sex were fairly represented. For this race no less than twenty-six horses started—no slight proof that the love of racing is not on the decline in France. Mr. Kennington's Lady Henrietta, admirably ridden by Challoner, was the winner. One jockey got a nasty fall just at the finish, but was not seriously hurt. The Emperor was expected, but did not put in an appearance, doubtless owing to the wretched weather.

A Company is projected for the sale and hire of velocipedes, with a capital of 200,000 francs. Their stables, with resident riding masters, will be in the Champs Elysées. The last batch of "Londres" delivered to the Debits de Tabac are generally pronounced to be of a better quality than they have been of late—consolation for smokers in the capital—the *goût* for which must be extending to the fair sex pretty rapidly, *videlicet*—"Compartement des dames seules, madame?" inquires the obsequious conductor on the platform at Dieppe of a high-heeled, short-robed, golden-haired *voyageuse*. "Pas du tout. Compartement des fumeurs," was the indignant reply.

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

TOURIST LITERATURE.—I.

THE "tourist season," which is now closing, has, we are assured, exhibited no falling off either in the expansion or the diversity which has characterised its predecessors for many years past. Fed chiefly from the English centres of activity—London taking, of course, the lead *longo intervallo*—the stream of travellers not only swells, autumn after autumn, into larger dimensions, but perpetually finds its way into new channels. This is the case even with that portion of the stream which never finds its way beyond the salt-water portion of our own island. It is still more conspicuous with regard to those smaller, but more impetuous currents which overflow the European Continent, and even sometimes make incursions into Africa or Asia before the ebb sets in which calls them back to their original source. In fact, the "tourist world" in 1869, as compared with that of only ten years ago, has largely expanded in dimensions, and yet more notably changed in character. It presents new elements, with new attractions and new affinities. It is not only a "bigger," but it is also "another," though possibly not a "better" world. To give but a single illustration of this change. That the "Cook excursionists" should have visited the Pyramid of Cheops is only a symptom—but of what is it not symptomatic?

With this increase in the number and change in the character of the tourist class, it is not a little surprising that no corresponding expansion and modification should have taken place in the literature provided for their use. According to the teachings of our political economists, every sort of demand ought to elicit a prompt and ample supply. But in this case there has been no supply at all. Some improvement in matters of detail may be gratefully recognised; but in all essential particulars the tourist of this present year, wherever he may have travelled, finds his "handbook" or his "guide-book" built upon the same lines as the earlier editions published five, ten, or even twenty years ago. He wants something very different, having set out on his tour with different ideas, desiring information and guidance of a very different sort from that required in the old times. The old food is presented to him in the old form, with, perhaps, some improvement in the cooking. But he requires something newer or better altogether.

It is not that the old classes of tourists or holiday-makers have disappeared. On the contrary, they still exist, and may, perhaps, keep up their actual numbers as in times past; but their relative proportions are dwarfed by the progressive increase in the number of another and higher class, so that it is only at certain times and places that they become fragrantly conspicuous—just as it is only at certain times and places that the Celtic, or Cymric, or other aboriginal section of the community can bring their aboriginality into prominent display as distinguished from their ordinary character of Englishmen. In the last generation the visitors to a seaside place—we speak at present only of English seaside places—might be divided into three classes. First were the invalids, who came in search of health, and who had no thought or energy to look for anything else. Secondly, of the Paterfamilias tribe, chiefly belonging to the circles of trade, who broke the monotony of eleven months' buying and selling, by another monotony of one month's vacuous idleness; whose idea of enjoyment was to lie on the beach and watch his hopeful progeny dig holes in the sand, while the utmost stretch of his intellect was limited to some hazy speculation touching the supply of prawns. A third, and far more objectionable class, comprised the Cockneys and the "cads," who wore *outré* coats, adopted *outré* habits, rushed about continually, talked vociferously, slanged scientifically, and showed that he regarded proximity to the sea and a forty miles' journey from London as quite sufficient excuse for abandoning all the restraints and even the decencies of metropolitan life. This class, we are

happy to know, though it still exists, only predominates here and there, and now and then. Fortunately for the peace of mankind, it is essentially gregarious. The Cockney and the cad can live only among a multitude of its congeners, and left alone, or in a minority, if there are not "fellows" enough at hand to swell the vociferation or re-echo the slang, he subsides into decorum and sullen silence. He therefore naturally gravitates towards certain centres. In point of fact, he appears in force only at Ramsgate and Margate for a few weeks in the year. The only other occasions when he becomes obnoxious are when some monster excursion train brings him down many hundreds strong to spend "eight hours at the sea-side." There are days *carbone notanda* in the selected locality when decent residents and visitants must alike abstain from the beach.

But the new generation of tourists belong to a class different from all of these. In leaving London and its work they have not left their intellect and their energy behind them. In visiting a new place they seek novelty, and not apathy. They wish to gain new ideas, and find new objects for curiosity and interest. They bring with them some knowledge of history, taste for art, and appreciation of the beauties of nature. They can recognise the sublimity of the ocean and the picturesqueness of the landscape. To them a cathedral or ancestral mansion is not a mere edifice, and a ruin, instead of appearing a mere chaos of crumbling stones and conquering ivy, is begirt with an infinity of associations over which they would dream for hours. They have, finally, a limited amount both of time and money at disposal, and are anxious to lay out both to the best account.

For this class what is the literature at present provided? So far as the local guide-books go, it is absolutely beneath contempt. By way of sample, let us take the guide-book of Mudville-on-the-Sea. This publication appears as a small-sized, yellow-paper-covered, and thin volume, containing from 80 to 100 scantily-filled pages, and selling for a shilling, about as much letter-press in quantity (quality being left out of the account) as would be considered a somewhat stingy pennyworth in a London magazine. It is published at the Marine Library, near the Parade, and is evidently edited, if not written, by the proprietor of that establishment. From this "Guide" the visitor learns, first, that Mudville-on-the-Sea, being open to all the Atlantic breezes, is eminently salubrious to every one who seeks a pure and bracing atmosphere; while at the same time, being sheltered by cliffs from the W.S.E., it is equally eligible, especially in the winter months, for patients suffering from tender lungs. Coming down to particulars, the reader learns that the High-street is nearly a quarter of a mile long, and boasts of sundry shops which exhibit a highly decorative *façade* outside and a choice assortment of goods within. Then there is the market, when on Wednesdays and Saturdays the visitor, if he gets there early enough, may select such fish as were not thought worth sending to London, at not much above London prices. Afterwards he finds a puff of the bathing arrangements of the place, showing how pleasant and comfortable it is with a soft sandy bottom; but omitting to mention that one must bathe within one hour before or after high water, the sea receding thereafter until it leaves about half a mile of mud, puddles, and seaweed between its waves and the shore. After a brief enunciation of local establishments—the hotels, boarding-house, and other institutions of the place,—the guide-book winds up with an elaborate description of the "Marine Library," which is not only its own *fons et origo*, but also commands the first rank among the circulating libraries of the town, and besides works a wheel of fortune morning and evening—not to mention the concert singers, the prestidigitateurs, the spirit-rappers, and other celebrities of the scientific and artistic world who deign to honour Mudville with their presence.

Something higher in a literary point of view is, no doubt, produced when the local guide-book is written by some local "expert"—which means, most commonly, some clerical veteran of the locality. In this case we get something better as literary pabulum than the sawdust of the ordinary guidebook; but we have to pay for the boon by a compulsory silence while our esteemed author rides his own especial hobby. And under the circumstance he rides the hobby very hard. We have seen, for instance, a book in which, out of less than 90 pages, fully one-third were occupied in cataloguing and describing in scientific nomenclature, and upon the Linnæan system, the various plants and insects which could be found within a six-mile radius of the selected centre of observation. As we had paid one shilling for the "book" of under a hundred pages, we felt that the botanical and entomological catalogue represented fourpence—of which, under the circumstances, we could only say that it had been paid upon false representations. Another concoctor of local guide-books, holding, as we presume, some ecclesiastical position in the place, appropriated about the same proportion of space in the guide-book to an elaborate detail of the parish church, an architecture which Mr. Ruskin would have disdainfully passed by with the solitary epithet of "Mongrel."

On all sides and in every venture the modern tourist is disappointed. He gets more than he wants; he gets much that he has ceased to want—but what he really wants he does not get at all.

ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE spirit of gambling is innate in every Englishman. There is hardly one to be found worthy of the name who does not speculate on the turf, at the tables, or on the Stock Exchange. But for the gambling carried on in Capel Court the stock brokers' and jobbers' lives would be sadly serious ones; and yet, whilst a speculator on the turf or at the tables is, in polite society, at once put down as a *mauvais sujet*, a "bull" or a "bear" can openly talk of his gains, and yet never incur the reproach that is embodied in the saying, "He is a betting man." But it is only a large speculator who can thus maintain his ground amongst "the upper ten"; a small one is viewed, like a betting man, as a lost man; consequently, there are numbers who give their brokers "quiet" orders for £5,000 "Brums" or 50 "Lombards" for next account, who are no more suspected of such doings than the Archbishop of Canterbury or Mr. Spurgeon. It is amusing to come across two men, both known to each other, who meet unintentionally at their brokers for a similar purpose. Both "parties" look scared, and both at once—almost with one mouth—call across the desk to a clerk, and ask "if that little transfer for £500 Consols is made out yet," although day by day the two have been there before, having their "bull" or "bear" accounts open, as the case may be, and wishing to know "how things are to-day." Sons-in-law come across fathers-in-law in this way, as do uncles and nephews, and we have seen a father and a son in the same office together for the same purpose, the son having had every reason to believe his fond papa was out of town for that day! It is by speculators alone that half the Stock Exchange lives, and when speculation is for a time dormant the jobbers live upon each other. This is not often the case, however; and during the Company mania of 1863-4 and '5 numbers of sharp "jobbers" retired on their gains, wrung from a too credulous public. It is the fashion to heap abuse on a stock broker and jobber, and many of the "smashes" of the last few years have been attributed to the jobbers being "bears" of the shares of those companies that may at last have knocked up. No greater mistake was ever made. A bear is the great supporter of a rotten market, as it is called, and numbers of the members of the Stock Exchange were ruined during the mania by unscrupulous directors and others who brought out Companies for the sole purpose of rigging the shares, obtaining settlements, and then winding them up. From our knowledge of Stock Exchange men we have every reason to speak well of them. A "jollier" set of men does not exist, and their charity and benevolence have no bounds. A member has only to bring a needy case to the knowledge of the "house" and subscriptions pour in like hail; there is no delay in the matter, and in two or three days, or a week at the latest, a handsome sum is handed over to the collecting member for the benefit of his "case." The hard work, too, of a stockbroker's life is something to talk about. We know an office ourselves where the principals and clerks arrive before 10 o'clock in the morning, and do not leave until 9 in the evening; and on accoun nights, as they are called, which happen four times each month, these same clerks never see their beds until two and even three o'clock in the morning, whilst the principals themselves are hard at it till twelve or one. And then the exciting and risky nature of their business must be taken into account. A great panic turns many a broker and a jobber grey in the course of a few months; and when all the world is rushing down to Capel Court to sell their securities at any price, these jobbers will stand in the market and make a quarter per cent. price in 200 shares, or £20,000 stock, as the case may be, when, before the bargain is booked, the turn of the market may show a loss of £1 per share and one per cent. to them. Then uprightness, too, is a household word in Capel Court. All the engagements entered into are simply put down by broker and jobber in little books, and checked the next morning, and although in the meantime immense changes may have taken place, and the bargain about to be checked represent a very large gain or loss, as the case may be, there is rarely, if ever, any dispute amongst them. Then, again, a Stock Exchange man is always so full of his fun. Every good *mot* and riddle is to be traced to Capel Court; and the pranks they play each other when "no business is doing" are a caution. The slangy terms for the different stocks are most amusing, and very characteristic of the sponsors. Who would ever imagine "Muttons" meant the Turkish Loan of 1865, secured by the sheep duty. London and North Western Railway stock is called "Brums," and American 5-20 bonds are always dealt in as "Greens"! The only department of the Stock Exchange open to censure is the Committee of Members, who pass rules, determine upon settlements, and are, in fact, the ruling body. Now, this committee is made up from working members, and during the mania, when settlements or no settlements were very important matters to the outside public, this committee of working members often laid themselves open to remarks that their judgments were biassed, and the fact that certain members of their committee were often interested in thousands of the shares of the companies brought before them for consideration was a very awkward one. Old members past "active service" should be constituted the committee, and paid well for their work, conditionally on their having ceased to act as brokers or jobbers. If such a course were adopted the decisions of the committee would carry more weight, and be more respected than they are at present.

Having thus in some measure shown that the Stock Exchange cannot be found guilty of the ruin that has attended the investments of thousands during the last five years, we will now endeavour to put the saddle on the right horse. Of course, the directors—the swindling, knavish guinea-pigs!—are the primary cause; and then, only in a lesser degree, the Press, daily and weekly, have helped these gentlemen to attain their object. With the single exception of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which was not in existence at the time, not one newspaper possessing any influence was honest enough to expose these robberies. The reason is plain enough. The small fry amongst them received a large daily increase to their income by the advertisements of these swindles. The larger ones not only received advertisements but "allotments" as well, which, of course, were got rid of at a premium. The weekly press was not behindhand in the help afforded, for in addition to the emoluments from advertisements and allotments, they received orders for 250, 500, and even 1,000 copies of each issue, containing not only the advertisement, but a notice in the middle page, praising the directors, the Company, and every official connected with them, and predicting they would be lasting successes. It is in this way nearly all the weekly Railway and Commercial papers now exist; indeed, we ourselves heard of an order only the other week for 1,000 copies of a weekly paper on behalf of a Company that had advertised in its columns, and whose usual circulation is but 2,500! A few years ago a refusal to advertise and take a certain number of copies meant abuse of the Company and all connected with it, and it is doubtless the case now. Another help was also given to the rascally directors by quoting the shares of the Company daily at a premium that never existed, except in

the fertile imagination of editors of the City department of the paper; and continual paragraphs, furnished by the secretaries of the said Companies, were also being constantly inserted by these same gentlemen—all of course of the most favourable description. In one daily paper, that swindle, Overend, Gurney, and Co., was puffed up almost daily for six months; in another, the Milwall Ironworks Company was continually thrust before the eyes of a too credulous public; and the notice and flattery bestowed by a leading journal on the Atlantic and Great Western Railway Company was simply disgraceful.

There was a Company that came out in the height of the mania, one of the directors of which either wrote the money article of a daily paper or else controlled it. In that paper the praises of this Company were sounded every day, and the shares were rigged to 8 premium on £2 paid. The Company, of course, was one that never could have succeeded under any circumstances, and now, although upwards of £30 has been called on its shares, it is at 25 discount in the market, and, of course, all the orginal shareholders ruined. A notice of the above facts with regard to this Company was sent to two daily papers authenticated by the name and address of the writer, but it is needless to say was never inserted in the columns of either. Oh! no, the game was too good to be destroyed, and so the public were allowed to bite at the prospectuses that were being thrown broadcast on the land.

The remedy for all this is very simple: let some newspaper undertake to give a fair report of all the half-yearly meetings of the Railway and other Companies held in London. The public would stare, indeed, at the disclosures that are there made, but which hitherto have always been kept from them.

Let the Press cease their raillery at stock brokers and jobbers, and cleanse their own Augean stables. Let the directors of these fraudulent companies be prosecuted at the expense of a public prosecutor, and let all the dealings with the Press at the birth of their "children" be brought to light. Let us have a newspaper that will fearlessly advocate and act up to these views, and then we may expect an honest Director to be no longer, as he now is, a *rara avis*, but as readily to be found as he was in days of yore.

The writer of the Money Article in the *Times* was very careful in yesterday's issue of that *faithful* chronicle of events, to make it known that its columns had never contained a favourable notice of the about-to-be-wound-up European Assurance Office. Whether there is any truth in this denial, we do not know, but perhaps, whilst he is in this upright and conscientious vein, he will be good enough to let the public know how many rotten companies he *has* patted on the back, and what has become of *them*. Their name is Legion, and to carry this plan out with scrupulous fidelity the Supplement must be enlarged; but during this dull time of the year, such pleasant pabulum for the unfortunate shareholders will be most acceptable to them whilst taking their ease at the sea side or abroad.

"Cæsarewitch." — Mem. for intending investors.—"Toby or not Toby—that is the question."

Two Good Ideas.—Everyone who knows, either by theory or practice, what the "knifeboard" of an omnibus means, will understand what a frightful place of torture it becomes in very hot, damp, or cold weather. The simple expedient of erecting a light metal roof or awning overhead has been tried in Paris with the most agreeable results, and in that city the once-hated position is now struggled for *unguibus et nostro*.—The difficulty of discovering the number of a door on a dark night, especially when you happen to be bidden to dinner at the house to which it belongs, has probably driven most of our readers at one time or another to madness. A chemist—again a Frenchman—has invented a phosphoric paste with which the numbers are to be rubbed, and which, being so rubbed, will "shine as bright as day," retaining their diabolical lustre for several weeks without renewal. These are things worth knowing and worth following. Whether we shall follow them is altogether another matter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Balnamoon.—The story was, to the best of our recollection, as follows:—The laird of Balnamoon was riding with his servant behind him. Passing a hole by the side of the road, the laird said to his follower, "John, I saw a brock (badger) gae in there."—"Say ye sae, laird?" answered John, "Wull ye haud my horse?" His master took charge of his steed, and John having run some distance for a spade, returned and began to dig with ardour. Half an hour or so passed, and John, breathless and faint, came back to his master with the intelligence, "I canna find him, laird."—"Eh," rejoined the laird, who had been surveying his operations musingly, "I wad ha' been surprised if ye had. It'll be ten years and mair since I saw him mysel'."

Enquirer.—We believe *The Period* is to be the title of a new comic journal, to be manned by some of the crew of another argosy from which they have separated their fortunes. *Sub Judyce lis est.*

An Admirer of Beales, M.A.—Very possibly, but we imagine that you stand alone.

Chess-player.—(1) Check to Queen's Bishop was first administered by Elizabeth. Mr. Gladstone has, it is said, a fine theory on the subject. (2) The best text-book is, perhaps, *Attenborough on Pawns*.

Dramatic Author.—We intend to speak our minds without reserve about you all. We handled Mr. Boucicault last week; we battle with Mr. Robertson to-day. When a piece of yours is accepted we shall be happy to turn our attention to you. But we cannot read your plays in MS. Life is too short, and has too many *unavoidable* trials.

L. S. D.—We are obliged for your suggestion, but there are better letters than your initials in the alphabet.

M. L. (Leeds).—"The Outsider" will write exclusively for this paper. Thanks for your kind offer.

A Buyer of Two Copies.—Not good enough for us.

Charles Dixon.—Your letter shall be forwarded to the writer of the article in question.

Siderolite.—Your "Lay" is under consideration, and if it is approved, will appear next week.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

NO LONGER. There are limits to endurance. The requirements of that to which Touchstone alluded apologetically as "my poor body" are few, but they must be respected. A reasonably modest trunk does not, of course, expect, unless a stage super, to be arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, but it demands, almost as a right, a certain amount of ozone. The intellectual eye cannot be fed by bricks and mortar alone. However excellent town fare may be, there are times when one is driven to ask, with the Glasgow baillie, for "mair sugar"; and excellent as are its watercourses, there are seasons when one lifts up one's voice in bitterness for salt. Besides, my days were beginning to be a heaviness, and my nights a despair. For all which, and other sufficient reasons, I cried at the top of my voice, "Thalatta, thalatta!" called a Hansom, and came, like a stag, to the water.

Here, it is superfluous to say, is London-super-Mare. Do I like it? Not particularly. Do I think it quite the thing to walk on an esplanade with a peacock's feather in my hat in September, with the mangold all untrodden, and the liver and white ones all unproved? Am I altogether content to forego Iffezheim, chevet, and the faint rustle and tinkling which form the musical accompaniment of that game which is always being "made" itself and breaking every one else? Well, not altogether. But one cannot have things entirely one's own way. From the cradle I have always preferred spending ten pounds to five, and having as much of the best as was practicable to a person of small means and extensive tastes. But I was continually reminded in a forcible way that the expenditure of crisp ones is a luxury not within the compass of every mariner, and that "I cannot" must occasionally wait upon "I would," like the poor cat in that adage of which no one but Lady Macbeth appears to have kept any record. And with the contraction of ideas attendant on advancing years and retiring funds, I find that I can, all things considered, "do myself" at Salt-Stucco-Ville fairly well. After all, it is very often (certainly in this instance) a question to the over-worked, over-worried Londoner, to whom time is precious and distance important, of London-super-Mare or London "old and very dry." Where else can I get a sniff at the briny in an hour and a quarter? Where else can I take my ease in my inn in full sight of the yeasty waves at breakfast time, and be careering madly through Lombard-street in the pursuit of wealth by the time the bank opens? Where can I buy *health* at so little expenditure of time or trouble? I am going in for the purchase, and pause for a reply. But I shall not pause until I get one, or this dissertation might never come to an end. Rather let me hasten to say a few words on the subject of my song, which may—such is the connexion between London, Brighton, and the South Coast—be considered to all intents and purposes—About Town.

I find Salt-Stucco-Ville as splendid, staring and stately as stucco, sunshine, and society can make it. The first season, devoted to the yellow-slippered division which is nearest to Finsbury-pavement and farthest from Pall-mall, has given way to that second and selected period during which the show of steeds and legs in the King's-road (happy monarch!) is sufficiently dazzling to cause any one fond of either equestrians or pedestrians to go out of his wits with envy. The place is full, without being crowded; the writing on the wall, "Apartments," finding a precarious existence in about one window out of five hundred. The clouted cream of our visitors (I speak as an elderly resident of three days) has hardly come to the surface as yet; but we have a sprinkling of coronets, no end of carriage people (two-horse, mind you!); ornaments of the Church, the Bar, and the Army, Mr. Feehter, the Brandy-ball Man, and enough of yellow hair—green in some lights—to stuff a mattress for the great bed of Ware.

The last element is extremely powerful just now, and may almost be said to give the place a foreign hair. If the city were polled, it is beyond controversy that the yellows would "walk in." The head of almost every fair saint and sinner one meets is encircled by an aureole or nimbus, giving the esplanade quite a firmamental appearance. Brighton being, of course, no purer—except atmospherically—than its neighbours, it will not be supposed that the owners of these metallic tresses are all as saintlike as their celestial top-knots would lead one to believe. Brass as well as Gold enters into the composition I fear me, of certain of these Saxon sirens, at whose sight

"Inclusam Danäen turris ahenea."

is apt to rise, unrequested, to the lips. It may just be suggested that His Imperial Majesty, with whom Cæsar was said to have divided rule, would hardly now experience the same difficulty which attended his former expedition against the brazen battlements of the daughter of Kingston and Sacrifice. Yet the process would be pretty nearly the same; the piece of strategy founded by Jove being still in use among warriors in the nineteenth century.

But there is more in the wind at this moment than gold, wind being at present the hero of the hour. With a bright sun, the sea runs high, and the breezes higher—petticoats almost highest of all; and we are up to our eyes in dust. The great tidal wave with which we are threatened seems to be on the eve of getting up a mild rehearsal for our benefit, and trying, with the gloves, how near it can get to our "mark" without hurting us. If the threatened incursion do take place, it

may be just as well to give timely intimation that I shall fall one of the earliest victims. Should intelligence reach the metropolis of the entire submersion of the marine parade, and parts that there adjacent lie, it may be concluded that the Man About Town has gone down, with all—that is, both—hands. In the event of a partial inundation, he will, even though he be the last man, report the calamity, or perish in the attempt.

I have alluded to the chariots and the cavalry which excite the envy of the less fortunate youth on the kerbstone. The former run in all forms, and on every variety of wheels, from the stately barouche which smells of Peters a league off, to the ramshackle shandry dan which savours of St. Mary-Axe, and the bicycle with the bells, bestridden by a plumed warrior, who believes, not altogether unjustly, that he is the centre of much interested observation. The flies, I could see at a glance, kept up their glorious reputation, whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, of being the worst in Europe.

Of their horses I dare not speak. A good-sized, full-flavoured adjective would break them down beyond recovery. But on the quadrupeds devoted—hapless beasts!—to the service of equestrians, I *will* speak, though it cost me a spavin a line. Brighton is the paradise of riding-masters; the four-footed instruments used in their heart-rending business must amount to many hundred head of afflicted beasts of burthen, whose woes may be almost placed on a par with those of the ox of the period. I have had a large experience of the Brighton gee-gee; I have had him by the hour from all the yards in the place; he has thrown me once (in 1850); I have bullied him since, and been up and down the sides of houses with him in supposed quest of currant jelly. He has always been a wonder, but how he *now* manages to refrain from suicide passeth all understanding. With a dozen or so exceptions, the condition of the Brighton hack is a caution, and, I may add, with *one* exception, the performance of their so-called (riding) masters is a warning to him who would be admonished. To look at the hands and seat of the gentlemen on whose model their pupils are supposed to frame their own is enough to make a tailor weep. If any parent or guardian supposes that (except by one professor, whom I do not mean to advertise) their young charges can be taught to *ride* at Brighton, he had better have his head shaved, change his name, and go abroad. They may be jolted about in the fresh air, but of horsemanship they will learn no more than of skating.

I have, it may be remembered, referred casually and delicately to the legs—legs not liable to splint or inflammation of the sheath of the tendon—as forming a not unimportant part in the list of attractions at Brillville. To the winds with such cold phraseology! They are—but let it go no further—*the* great feature of the scene. The walk along the Esplanade at the hour of High Change is, to quote Mr. Pyke, one great "leg piece," in which, supported by that well-known *artiste* the wind, the ladies play exquisite yet unstudied parts to numerous and appreciative audiences. The ladies here are exceedingly sensitive as to their *chaussure*, as they need be, and the exquisite state of cultivation to which they have brought their understandings is a source of infinite consolation to male admirers. Grave men wander miles out of their way in pursuit of a Louis Quinze, and as for the young and gay proprietors of the plumed hats, I believe that a pilgrimage to Rottingdean with unboiled peas in *their* shoes would be deemed time and labour well expended when in the wake of a bronze hessian.

The Nerbudda Judge is here, worn to a shadow.

I have a Catholic taste in costume, and like everyone to dress in what likes him best. Consequently I have nothing to say against the amazing hats, a combination of the Tyrol and the Zoo in vogue here among the golden youth of either sex. But I am thankful I am not a nervous child. I saw a bird of paradise to-day, in his habit as he lived, that would inevitably have frightened such an one over the cliff.

Of architectural novelties since my last visit I see little beyond the completion of the Baths of the Great Turbot, occupying the valley of the White Horse, to call for notice. It is strange, but true, that the Post Office is now further off and more inaccessible than ever. Like the spire of Antwerp Cathedral, you may be within a hundred yards of it all day without ever coming an inch nearer the goal. The best plan of sending your letters, if time is no object, is to send them by a fly; a better idea, not to write at all. If you commit the double indiscretion of writing and attempting to post, you are a lost mutton.

As to our amusements we have, or are to have, immediately, Mr. Fechter and Miss Leclercq, Mr. Bellew, Mr. Aptommas, his harps, daughters, and all that is his, "the Dashing Dunbar," an infant violinist (*al fresco*) on a stool, the pier band, other bands (*zweiter* and *dritter* band), negroes, and other afflictions too numerous to mention. And better still, there is the moonlight walk with Her, when the old people have gone in, and you have not forgotten your goloshes or your respirator, and have your cough lozenges in your pocket, and flannel next your skin, and a handkerchief round your throat, and all the modern appliances necessary for the practice of love-making in the open. For love is good, but health is better, and I always make *Her*, especially on a windy day, take the windy side, and hold an umbrella over me. Selfish! Why she has twice my constitution and ten times my income.

London Lyrics.

No. III.

THE FOWLER.

Birdie, leave thy shyness,
Tell me how to woo thee;
Birdie, leave thy shyness,
Let me once look through thee!
How am I to take thee,
Arrogant or trembling?
How am I to break thee
Of thy sweet dissembling?

How am I to read thee,
Coy, or cold, or tender?
Say, am I to heed thee?
Is it no surrender?
Or are thy defences
Ready to be shaken—
Dexterous pretences
Fashioned to be taken?

How shall I secure thee?
Birdie, if I linger
Shall I e'er allure thee
To my outstretched finger?
Or, untamed and wilful,
Wilt thou still defy me?
And for hands unskilful
Scorn me and decry me?

A *mot* is circulating in the theatrical clubs of London *apropos* of the demi-monde play "Formosa." It will be recollected that Boucicault wrote a letter to the papers, in which he had discovered "a new thoroughfare" in dramatic writing. A gentleman, who has the reputation of saying caustic things, wrote a note to Mr. Boucicault, and proposed to call his new thoroughfare "Rotten Row."

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

IT will be difficult for a future historiographer of the British drama to determine the exact position to be assigned to Mr. T. W. Robertson. If a keen eye for Parisian novelties, an adequate knowledge of stage effect, a fair acquaintance with the leading characteristics of modern society, a power of inventing neat dialogue, and extreme fertility be considered passports to immortality, then will Mr. Robertson be accounted a writer "for all time." If hypercritics will persist in looking beyond these attainments, the rank given to the author of *Ours*, and the adapter of *Progress* will not be a lofty one. He would not, we imagine, have taken a lower position had his name (which, as Mrs. Gamp would say, it *has* been suggested should be Robber-son) never been associated with the latter, which, if nominally Progress, is certainly, so far as the adapter is concerned, Retrogression. *Progress* is taken—violently taken—from *Les Ganaches*, one of the earlier dramas of that Victorien Sardou who must occasionally laugh Sardou-nically at the important part in the history of the British stage which he is called upon to play *gratis*. *Les Ganaches* is, as all acquainted with the modern French drama are aware, a compactly-constructed, telling, effective play, with one strong situation, admirably welded dialogue, and effectively, if somewhat coarsely drawn types of character. Everything that M. Sardou has written is written with intention, and *French* intention. Of all the dramas which bear his name few are calculated so directly for the meridian of France as *Les Ganaches*. It cannot be conscientiously affirmed that Mr. Robertson, skilful as he is in the production of a certain class of imported article which keeps the market, is a good adapter. His version of M. Sardou's well-balanced plot invariably loses terribly by comparison with the original; his characters fall off conspicuously in breadth and individuality, while for terseness and point in dialogue the Frenchman could "give" his diluter, as they say on the turf, "tons." When Mr. Robertson is unusually good it may be generally premised that he has infused more of M. Sardou than usual into his dramatic concoctions; when he "falls below himself," he has in reality been drawing unusually on his own resources, and giving his audience more of the home-brewed than they care for. Mr. Robertson might, under different conditions, be a successful creator; but he will never be anything more than a weak adapter while he goes to one so immeasurably his superior in dramatic intelligence as M. Sardou for the source of his inspiration. *Progress* is a notable instance of the inability of Mr. Robertson to appreciate the distinctive excellencies of his model. The plot of *Les Ganaches* is simple, interesting, probable. Everything falls naturally into its place; the characters are suited to the localities, the localities to the characters; all is *teres atque rotundus*, forming, if not a picture on a grand scale, an "interior" of Dutch accuracy and minuteness. Mr. Robertson has stepped in and ruined the harmony and texture of the whole. He has foreshortened here, deepened the shadows there, heightened the lights in one place, lowered the tone in another, and "raised Cain" generally. Had the author been a less able and less conscientious workman, Mr. Robertson would have succeeded better. But M. Sardon's works are not to be lopped by an unskilful hand with impunity. The clumsy attempt to transplant may pull up the plant by the roots, but it will never succeed in grafting it on an inferior stock. It would serve no purpose to point out the instances in which *Les Ganaches* has suffered by the cruel process which it has undergone before emerging as *Progress*. Suffice it to say that Mr. Robertson has attempted both to prune and to graft, and that wherever he has taken away he has not done well, and whenever he has added he has done very badly. As an example of the former may be cited the omission of the explanatory matter which serves to introduce Marguérite and the society in the Quimperte *salons* to the audience. As a frightful instance of the latter, the interpolated drunken scene in the third act, which is vulgarity, impure and compound, may be cited as a warning to all who attempt to conjure with wands too potent for their strength. The dialogue, so biting and vigorous in the original, is overlaid by the renovator until its strength

has almost evaporated, and its sparkle has well-nigh faded. Yet an adapter cannot either omit or spoil *all* the good things of his victim, and even after having been submitted to Mr. Robertson's "effacing finger," the dialogue of *Les Ganaches* occasionally flashes forth in *Progress*. And here, again, it may be taken as an invariable rule that the effective colloquy is attributable to M. Sardou, the platitudes and padding to Mr. Robertson. It is awkward to dispose of ill-gotten goods, but the author of the monosyllabic series is, we think, exceptionally unfortunate in "placing" his plunder. It is as though a poor man who habitually eat from delf took to using elaborate plate, with somebody else's crest emblazoned on every saltspoon. His want of taste makes a connoisseur shiver, while other considerations induce honest men to button their pockets. As to the acting of the new piece, although falling, it is needless to say, immeasurably below that of the original cast at the Gymnase, it is infinitely better than the piece deserves. Miss Foote, one of the most tender and truthful of our *ingénues*, played the heroine with real pathos and power. Mr. Neville is, in spite of his vigorous "phrasing," far too coarse and angular for a part like that of the Hon. Arthur Mompesson, whose octogenarian father was well rendered by Mr. Collett. Mr. Clarke was unsuited to the part of the Doctor, to which, however, he lent some life and individuality; and Mr. Billington was fairly good as the young engineer, who ultimately wins over the old fogies to the side of "Progress." Mr. Marshall's performance of the detestable *rôle* of the younger cad can only be characterised by one word—insufferable.

We must confess to a general prejudice against singsters or songers who alter the colour of their faces; a ridiculous expedient generally resorted to, like *blanc de perles* by the ladies, by those who desire to cover their natural deficiencies by art. Since our fatal introduction, by Messrs. Pell, Harrington, White, Stanwood, and Germon, to yaller gals and plantation hands in black faces and white waistcoats, there has been a succession of showers of blacks, some few of which have stuck, but most of which have very justly been wiped off, anathematised, and for-forgotten. To the former category belong the Christy Minstrels, who "never, under any combination of circumstances, or under any provocation," quit the metropolis they love. Negroes have come; negroes have gone; but these bid fair, not undeservedly, to go on for ever. Their troupe, vocal and instrumental, is compact though large, admirably trained, and kept in the highest state of efficiency. The part singing with which they gladden the hearts of their more sentimental friends, is admirable in style and expression; the choruses being managed with a delicacy and precision which might serve as a model to more pretentious vocalists and has rarely been surpassed. The great charm to us lies in the artistic and musicianlike execution of the concerted pieces and choruses; but the Christy's have other and more popular claims on the national purse and goodwill. Among their troupe are some charming and excellently trained voices, whose musicianlike rendering has helped to make many a commonplace melody immortal. The burlesque dancing, which forms an important part of the Christy's programme, is of the highest order, and the grotesque diversions which vary the "foot and mouth" performances are, both from their variety and intrinsic humour, popular, and deservedly so, with English audiences. We have purposely kept the leading feature of the entertainment to the last. One of the proprietors, and the guiding spirit of the whole troupe, Mr. G. W. Moore, is a comic genius of so rare and exceptional a kind that, were he unsupported by his excellent allies, he would be sure, where genuine humour is appreciated, to meet with a large and appreciative audience. His wit, tact, readiness, and *abandon* are a real novelty in so-called negro minstrelsy, and we should be puzzled to know where to turn for material for such hearty laughter as that caused by his "Picayune Butler," "Mary Ann," and "Ada with the Golden Hair." As we are not panegyrists of Mr. Moore, we must add that his remarkable success is quite independent of his vocal abilities, which are *not* of a high order. But for fifty men with a fine voice there is not one with a keen sense of humour, and Mr. Moore, with his rarer gift, may be well content to leave the nightingale faculty to others.

The Sporting Man.

TURF TALK.

BY "THE OUTSIDER."

THE Doncaster settling, with one not very important exception, was accomplished in a very satisfactory manner on Monday last. No "objection" was raised to Pero Gomez receiving the St. Leger Stakes—a fact I am very sorry for; and had I had a horse in the race, I certainly would have put in a written protest against Sir Joseph receiving them, even if I had no more grounds for it than he had when he tried his little game on for the Derby. Why *any one* should have cheered the man at Doncaster who had proved himself in every sense of the word mean and ungentlemanly was a puzzle to me; but I expect, after all, it was for the horse and the wagers, and not the owner, that the tykes opened their lungs so lustily. It seems now to be an accepted fact even amongst the former supporters of the Derby winner that Pero Gomez is the superior of the two. I cannot say I fall in with this view, and should Pretender again be second to Pero Gomez in the Newmarket Derby, I shall still refuse to believe my eyes or the judge's verdict. Pretender was not himself by a stone, I should say, at Doncaster, and certainly half as big again as he was at Epsom; and the great muscle visible at Newmarket and at Epsom was no longer to be seen. Some writers before the race wrote him down "light." I don't remember now who it was, but if they wrote the truth I can only say that 1858 "Port" is a light wine. I don't suppose Pretender will go south; but if he does, and arrives there something like his old self, and the infatuated backers of Pero Gomez, and that faint-hearted cur Martyrdom offer long odds against the Middleham crack, may I be there to take them.

The Derby betting is increasing a little, and in the Middle Park Plate week some large books will be opened. I do not believe in the capability of any horse giving away 6 lbs. over the last six furlongs of the Rowley mile, and therefore I shall be prepared to see Sunshine's victorious career checked then. I have only missed picking out the winner of Mr. Blenkiron's grand prize once since its institution in 1866, and I have every reason to believe I shall again be successful in doing so, and so place my readers on the winter favourite for the Derby at a long shot. I cannot think highly of any of the two-year old performers, with the exception of Sunshine and Kingcraft; and I consider it is 15 to 1 against Hawthornden, Stanley, and Camel in a lot, instead of only those odds against any one singly, for the first-named will never stand training, the second is very moderate, as Torreado's running this week at Richmond shows, and the last-named is but a Drummer, a mere handicap horse.

The Autumn Handicaps are now engaging the attention of speculators; and those who lost early in the season, and forthwith began to "talk of the back end," must be sadly puzzled where to find the bridge that is to carry them over to next season.

The Cesarewitch is certainly a wretched handicap, any Eton or Harrow boy would have made a better one; and bad as the acceptance is 24 out of the first 30 heavily-weighted ones are not in it, and the top weight, although he has been backed, cannot have the most remote chance.

Those in the race I take to be the following:—See Saw, Taraban, Fairwind, John Davis, Phantom, Royal Head, Vacuum, Cherie, Ladas, Tramp, and Gondolier; and of these, all, with the exception of the two first-named, to possess any chance of winning must have been "worked" during the early part of the year. Doubtless some other dark horses that have only plating feats for their recommendation will be made great favourites before the day; but I think to take the above lot against the field would not be a bad investment. I hear Phantom is as good as Ploughboy at level weights, and I also hear that the Cecil cum Catch-'em-Alive cum Weather-bound wire-pullers think they are very likely, with their *Fairwind*, to win the race. Cherie, I am also told, has been aired all the year, and she must have been, to possess the remotest chance of winning. John Davis has only to come to the post on his four legs to walk in, and Vacuum has been a rod in pickle ever since Epsom Spring Meeting. Tramp is to have one of the real Captain Machell preparations, and having been entered for numerous handicaps, and never allowed to run is positively to see the post this time, although two days before he is certain to lame himself badly in a gallop with Knight of the Garter when galloping over the old horse at even weights. Royal Head can fall down twice at least in the race and then win, and if necessary his rider will make a declaration to carry 7lbs. extra, so certain is his victory; and Gondolier is the long-looked-for successor to Gladiateur that has always been coming but never yet arrived. The above are the numerous rumours flying about respecting the Cesarewitch favourites. There is some particle of truth, doubtless, in all of them, but as it is impossible to back all and win, and as I consider my sources of information most reliable about Phantom, Fairwind, and Vacuum, I shall take my stand with those three, and I do not think even Mr. Naylor could grumble at their prices—40 to 1 each.

It is useless to talk about the Cambridgeshire until the Cesarewitch is decided, so unless I hear of a certainty for it at a long price I shall not discuss it until the Newmarket Second October Meeting is over.

The sales of the yearlings at Doncaster went off very badly, and had not Mr. Jardine opened his purse-strings pretty widely there would have been no competition at all. The reason for this is not that yearlings are deteriorating, but the severe panic brought about by the plungers has not yet run its course. Another reason is to be found in the fact that so many "swells" are leaving the turf; and in a short time, if things do not mend, the bookmakers will have to bet with themselves or, in other words, live on each other; and we all know how long that little game will last. Complaints come loud and fast now from "the ring" that "there is no money about," and many of our large bookmakers content themselves with going to the "crack" meetings, and sit quietly at home in their arm-chairs, whilst the small fry are picking up little fish at such places as Hampton, West Drayton, Richmond, &c., &c.

When things come to the worst we are told they begin to mend, so the turf may begin to hope for a change now, for its state cannot get much worse than it is. All genuine betting has become a thing of the past until the numbers go up, and I suppose hardly a *bona fide* commission has yet been worked for the Cesarewitch, and certainly *not* for the Cambridgeshire. On the Great Eastern Handicap but three or four books are open even now, and the only business done on it has been confined to 100 to 7 on the field; and no matter what animal you might wish to back, you can get no longer price than that. The Derby betting until within the last few days has been a complete farce; only *one* large book has been open, and even now the number of good men and true does not exceed half-a-dozen.

"What a falling off is there!" one may well exclaim, when I can remember in the good *old* times but a few years since a score of "yearling" Derby books were open and half full before the pencillers had been at work more than a month!

There is a wretched gathering at Newmarket next week, so wretched that no one would care to attend it were it not for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire betting that it entails. There will be about half-a-dozen races during the half-dozen days the meeting lasts; all the other events to be decided are as weak and milk-and-watery as well can be—in fact, the racing and the authorities at Newmarket are about on a par, both disgraces in their way. Sunshine will defeat Kingcraft for the Buckenham Stakes; Pero Gomez will walk over, I should think, for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, and Gertrude cannot well lose the Hopeful. Typhon should win the St. Leger Stakes, and Wheat-ear the Granby. Kingcraft is a certainty for the Produce Stakes, as is Lightning for the 30 sovs. Sweepstakes.

For the Great Eastern Handicap, provided the stable get their money on, the Amaranth colt is a real good thing; and after him I fancy the chances of Bosworth and Adelaide the most.

In the October Handicap Cap-a-Pie, Royal Rake, and the Vallation gelding seem to me the pick of the basket.

"Here is sport indeed" for headquarters! In another year or two West Drayton and Bromley will be running Newmarket hard for Platers, and I should think eventually put it in the shade. As it is now, the sport there is nearly up to the average of what has been seen at Newmarket during the July and Second October Meetings for years past; and yet the authorities at Newmarket are allowed to control the sporting world!

IN THE ARENA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MAN ABOUT TOWN."

SIR,—As you have (unintentionally perhaps) done me an injustice, in the article headed as above, which appeared in your paper on the 18th, I feel sure you will kindly correct the error in your next issue. Referring to the walking, you state, "Judicious 'mixing' in this department of sport is on the increase. Messrs. Chambers, Farnworth, Griffith, McKerrel, Rye, and Williams have been credited with the best times, but we must say that the mode of progression adopted by all of these, except Messrs. Nunn, Williams, and McKerrel has justly been the subject of frequent comment." Allow me to state that, as far as I am concerned, this is a mistake, this being the first time my going has ever been questioned; and that the fact that although I have competed in dozen of races, I have never been disqualified, whereas even such men as Williams and Nunn have, will speak for itself. I would not have troubled you with this, which is of course, a minor matter to you, but that I consider "mixing" to be as bad a crime as the "roping" that you allude to, and think that every true athelete should do all he can to put a stop to it. With best wishes for the success of your paper, I remain, yours respectfully,

THOS. GRIFFITH.

IN THE PAVILION.

The real cricket season has terminated some time ago. During the latter part, gate-money seems to be the only object, and very steadily is it kept in view. Cricket, in its integrity, in fact forms but a smaller portion of the performance that goes by that name. Its first waking notes after the long slumber of winter are sounded in the Freshmen's match at the Universities. Then it is that people first begin to think and talk about cricket, and the chances of the respective Universities; and we don't think we are wrong in saying that the whole cricket season revolves to a very great extent around the University match. Without it the game would be void of the greater and better part of the amateur element, which is the very life and soul of cricket. In saying this, no doubt we are running contrary to a good many prejudices. The great majority of persons frequenting the cricket field have an immense idea of George or Tom or Jimmy, or some other poor fellow who condescends to be known and called by his Christian name, and is supposed to confer an immense amount of honour by a nod or a wink, or even by the acceptance of a glass of ale. The persons we refer to usually back their favourite for something small, and in consequence are never seen to applaud a gentleman. This is most marked in the match, Gentlemen *v.* Players; and particularly was it so this year, when they went so far as to abuse the umpire for not giving a gentleman as "run out" who was palpably "in." This sort of thing is a very great mistake, and will be found so before very long. If we are not under a very great misapprehension, we fancy that the plan of mixing amateurs and professionals will have to be changed. It is to be observed that in no other sport or pastime is it done, and with very good reason, as is shown by the absurd airs given themselves by some of the Players. They will have to be reminded that the real supporters of cricket are the gentlemen, and that they cannot, even as a matter of business, do without them. What would become of county matches and, indeed, country matches all over the kingdom without the assistance of gentlemen? We don't hesitate to say that the whole thing would come to grief. Eleven Players usually like to have their, expenses, &c., guaranteed, and there is this further consideration that there would be no twenty-two's to play. Probably it would be very much in the true interests of cricket if these miserable exhibitions were put an end to—they are mere *battues*, all business and no sport. We are sorry to say these things, but after what has been done by gentlemen for the Players, it is simply monstrous that the best eleven Players should not be obtainable, through the conceit and ingratitude of spoiled puppies. For our own part, we would not go across the road to see any professional play; there is no spirit, no dash, nothing approaching to the sort of chivalry there is in the play of a gentleman. It is all business, with an eye to the gallery. They can only run three when gentlemen would score four, and in our opinion their fielding is immeasurably inferior. The defeat the professionals sustained again this year ought to teach them that possibly the gentlemen may be able to do without them. And while upon this subject of professionals, it may not be amiss to call attention to one or two points more or less directly connected with them. The first is the question of umpires. Why should not gentlemen occasionally, when so disposed, take this position in some of the important matches? Some light might then be thrown upon that irritating and unsatisfactory question of "leg before." On what principles it is as present decided, no human being can tell, but practically, a man may be out to one bowler and not to another, according to the amount of break on the ball. There is no rule of cricket to justify this; according to the rules of the M.C.C., the ball, to be leg before, must pitch in the line between the wickets; and, as was shown by Felix years ago, none but a very far-pitched ball could on the round-arm system ever cause a man to be "leg before." At present, a man who does not move his leg, although clear of his wicket, may be given out "leg before," which thing, to say the least, is absurd, if not worse. This is a matter which ought to be looked into, but will never get remedied so long as professionals only continue to act as umpires. Again, umpires are but men; some—probably many of them—bet, and in the match, Gentlemen *v.* Players, there is probably not a Player who is not "on," to a small amount. In this match the gentlemen certainly might claim to have their own umpire, as, from class sympathies and other causes, it is always *ceteris paribus*, five to four on the Players. The match this year was by no means an exception to this—there were some very strange decisions; and Mr. W. G. Grace was given out as caught, when the ball, as he was painfully reminded, hit his elbow instead of his glove. Now, what shall the chronicler say of the past cricket season? It will long be remembered as the year of *Grace*, 1869. There can be no question that the great feature of the season has been W. G. Grace's play. He has accomplished what no one, amateur or professional, has ever done before. We believe that seven innings of one hundred runs and upwards have been made in one season; but he has made eight or nine—we are not sure which. About his style there can be no two opinions. With perfect freedom, and an unequalled power of punishing anything like loose bowling, he combines the most safe defence of any man we ever saw. His power of run-getting is extraordinary; where another man would be thankful to stop a ball, he scores off it instead. And this is done without affectation, and without any attempt at bringing down the gallery. Verily Mr. W. G. Grace has spoiled the average of many bowlers this season. Some people fancy Mr. C. J. Thornton the finest hitter of the day, and he is decidedly of that opinion himself; but his hitting is nothing by the side of Grace's. We saw him hit a clean seven on drive, at Lord's, and we shall not easily forget it. The first match of any real interest was Oxford *v.* Cambridge. The latter was very much the stronger team, and were decidedly better at every point of the game; and yet, had Oxford only made use of her opportunity, she might have won. Fifty of the Cambridge score in the first innings were contributed by Mr. Thornton, who ought to have been caught out first ball, and prevented making an exhibition of himself. Why Mr. Miles was kept on after the manifestation in the way of fielding during the first over, was, and is, a sublime mystery to us. It was simply giving the game away. The fielding of the Cambridge eleven was very good indeed, and in some cases brilliant; and it could be seen at a glance that they were thoroughly accustomed to play together. With Oxford it was far otherwise. The idea prevalent at the elder University since the captaincy of R. A. H. Mitchell seems to be that cricket requires no practice whatever. They brought up an eleven, such as it was, composed of individuals who, from their conduct in the field, might have been supposed to have no knowledge whatever of one another. One almost expected to see that awfully funny man, the secretary of the M.C.C., introducing the bowler to the wicket-keeper—a cover-point to the long-stop. This is not the way to win matches. Unfortunately, cricket is a game that, unlike rowing, may be played at in a row water sort of way, and occasionally without practice, but this will not answer in the long run; and we do hope next year to see them come up to town in very different form. The only thing that saved them from absolute disaster was the wicket-keeping of Mr. Stewart, which was perfect, and delightfully free from antics of any description, and contrasted not a little with that on the other side. Pauncefort, the captain, whose right hand at one time seemed almost to have lost her cunning, played well; and so did Digby; but of the others, less said the better. The Gentlemen *v.* Players showed Grace in grand form ag in; and it may be safely said that the victory of the former was due to his splendid cricket. Amongst the players Jupp is the only one worth mentioning in that match or during the season; he plays like a professional, and his style is cramped as compared with that of W. G. Grace. But he is no doubt a first-rate bat, and has a very strong defence; his average will be high this season. Then came the Public School matches, and with them passed away all that is really interesting to a genuine lover of cricket. We had rather see Harrow *v.* Eton than all the three All England Elevens playing together, if that were possible. Eton introduced a bat likely to do good service for Oxford in the person of Mr. Ottaway, while Rugby showed us a very promising bowler in Mr. Francis, who, we understand, is going to Oxford. It would be a great pity if anything were really to injure the cause of true cricket. It is probably more national than any of our sports, but if certain professionals should find themselves out in the cold through their own ignorance, ingratitude, and self-conceit, there will be no difficulty in deciding where the blame should be cast. Cricket, is or ought to be, a sport, and not a business. This has been rather too much forgotten, and it is by no means to the interest of professionals to have the matter opened and discussed.

WE have reason to believe the following to be a valuable and efficacious mode of treatment of the "foot and mouth" disease, now, unhappily, so prevalent in bovine circles:—Three-quarters of a pound of Epsom salts, one ounce of sulphur, one ounce of sweet spirits of nitre, made into a drink of a quart; rub the animal's mouth every day with common salt give them hay to eat, as the mouth being sore they cannot bite grass, and will die from weakness if kept in the meadow; keep them in the shed at night. One dose of the medicine is generally sufficient, but where no benefit is derived from the first, a second may be administered at a week's interval.

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The Sporting Man:—The St. Leger.
Turf Talk. By "The Outsider."
Sniffs from the Briny.
In the Turnips.

CONTENTS OF No. II.—(SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.)

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